

A new chawme in englysh maner
of the nature of maner
well the bette a good properties of maner
as there bycsn euyl cōdiciōs / with a morall
cōclucion & exhortacyon to bettem



Melebea

Franciscus petrarcus the poet laureate
Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing
wout stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
And Gracile the wyle clerk in his meryng
Sayth in all thyngs create stryff is theyre loopyng
And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
with any other in all poyntes equivalent
And accordyng to theyre dictys rebelyd as thus
All thyngs are create in maner of stryff
These folys louys then that be so amercous
fro pleasure to displeasure how lede they theyr lyfe
Now sory now sad now ioyous now penyfe
Alas I poze mayden than what shall I do
Cōsideryd by dotage of one Calisto
I know that nature hath gurn me betwe
with sangurnyous compleccyon sauour & saynes
The more to god ought I to do feruor
with wyl lyfe laud and loue of percynges
I deny not but calisto is of grete worthnes

But what of that for all hys hygh estate
Hys desyre I desyre & bitterly shall hate
O his saynges & lutes so importune
That of my lyfe he makyth me almost wery
O hys lamentacyons & exclamacyons on fortune
Wth similitude maner as one that shuld dy
But who shall pyte thys Insayth not I
Shall I accōplysh hys carnall desyre
May yet at a stake rather been in a fyre
O f trouth I am sory for hys trouble
To stryue wyth hym self thus for loue of me
But though hys sorowes I assure you shuld doble
Out of his daunger wyll I be at lyberte
What a mys woman now crist benedicite
May nay he shall neuer that day see
Hys voluptuous appetyte cōsentyd by me
Cwyll he now that I were present here
I assure you shortly he wold seke me
And without dout he doth now inquire
Wether I am gone or where I shuld be
He is he not now come I report me
I las of thys man I can nener be ryd
Wold to cryst I wyll where I myght be hyd

Calisto O By you feyre melebea may be sene
The grace the gyftes the gretnes of god
where i. C. In takyng effect of dāe natur^e strens
Nor yerthly but angellyke of lykelyhode
In bewte so passyng the kinde of woman hod
O god I myght in your presens be able
To manyfeste my dolours incōperable
Gretter were that reward than the grace
Heuyⁿ to optayn by workys of pyte
Not so gloryous be the saites that se goddes face
He Joy not so moch as I do you to see
yet dyscreus there is bytwene theyn & me
For they gloryfy by his assuryd presens
And I in torment be cause of your absens
Ca Cwhy thynkyst thou that so grette a reward
ye more grette than of god wold set me
In heuyⁿ aboue all seyntes & more in regayd
And thynk it a more hyper felicyte
yet more grette thy reward shalbe
of thou fle fro the determynacyon
Of thy cōsent of mynd by such temptation

I perseyue the entent of thy wordys all
As of the wyrt of hym that wold haue the vertew
Of ine such a woman to be come thrall
So thy wey wyth sorow I wold thou kuew
I haue foule skorn of the I tell the trew
Or any humayn creature with me shuld begyn
Any comunycacyon perteynyng to syn
And I promyse the where thou art present
Whyle I lyff by my wyll I wyll be absent

Et exeat

Lo out of all ioy I am fallyn in wo
Vpon whom aduers fortune hath cast her chauns
Of cruell hate whych causyth now a way to go
The keper of my ioy and all my pleasauns
Alas alas now to me what noyauns
Betw gard my lord and god be in this place
Sempronio / S. ye syr. L. a syr. I shew thy face
Why hast thou bene from me so long absent
For I haue bene about your bysynes
To orde; such thyng as were conuenient
your house and horse and all thyng was to dress
O sempronio haue pyte on my dystres
For of all creatur I am the wofullest
How so what is the cause of your vntrest
I for I serue in loue to the goodlyest thyng
That is or euer was. S. what is she
It is one which is all other excedyng
The picture of angell if thou her see
Vhebus or phebe no comparyson may be
To her. S. what hyght she / L. melebea is her name
Mary syr this wold inake a wold hors tame
I pray the sempronio goo fet me my lute
And byng some chayne or stole with the
The arguement of loue that I may dispute
whych scyens I fynd the arte withont pyte
By the sempronio by the I pray the
Syr shortly I assure you it shalbe done
Then farewell cryst send the agayn sone
O what fortune is egall vnto myne
O what wofull wyght with me may compare
The thirst of sorow is my inpyrd wyne
which dayly I drynk wyth deepe draught of care
Cush syr be mery let pas awei the mare
How sey you haue I not byed me lyghtly

All.

Here is your chayre and lute to make you mery
L Myrry quoda/nay that wyll not be
 But I must nedys syt for very feblenes
 Gyue me my lute and thou shalt see
 How I shall lyng myne unhappynes
 Thys lute is out of tune now as I ges
 Alas in tune how shuld I let it
 when all armory to me discordith yche whyt
C As he to whos wyll reson is unruly
 For I fele sharp nedyls within my brest
 Deas warr truth haterad and injury
 Hope and suspect and all in one chest
S Behold nero in the loue of tapaya oprest
 Rome how he brent/old and yong wept
 Bnt she toke no thought nor neuer the lest slept
L **C** Better is my fyre and lest pyte shewd me
S I wyll not mok this foule is a loue?
L what sayst thou/**S.** I say how can that fyre be
 That tormentyth but one lyving man gretter
 Than that fyre that brēnyth a hole cyty here
 And all þ people ther.**L.** mary for þ fyre ys grettyt
 That brēnyth verey soze and 'astyt' lengyt
C And gretter is the fyre that brēnyth one soule
 Than that whych brēnyth an hundred bodyes
S Hys sayeng in this none can cont:oll
L None but such as lyst to make lyes
 And yf the fyre of purgatory bren in such wyse
 I had leue my spirete in brute best shuld be
 Than to go thydyr and than to the deyte
S **C** Mary syr that is a spyce of heryse
L why so/**S.** for ye speke lyke no crystyn man
 I wold thou knewyst melebea wo:thyp I
 In her I beleue and he: I loue/**S.** I ha than
 wyth the melebea is a grete woman
 I know on whych fote thou dost halt on
 I shall shortly hele the my lyff the:uppon
L **C** An vncedable thyng thou dost promyse me
S Nay nay it is easy I nough to do
 Bnt furst for to hele a man knowlege must be
L Of the seknes than to gyff counsell the:to
 what counsell can rule hym semp:onio
S That kepyth in hym kepyth no order of counsell
 It is this Calisto his fyre/nou I know well
 How that loue ouer hym hath cast he: nec

In whose peyseuerans is all inconstans
 why. is not Elieas loue and thyn met
 what than. C. why reprocuest me than of ignorans
 For thou settyst mannis dignite in obeylanus
 To the imperfection of the weke woman
 A womā May a god of goddesles. S. beleuyt þ thā
 Oye and as a goddes I heze confesse
 And I beleue there is no such sufferayn
 In heuyn though she be in yerth. S. peas peas
 A woman a god nay to god a byllayn
 Of yout sayeng ye may be sory. C. it is playu
 why so. C. because I loue hez and thynk surely
 To obteyn my desyre I am vnworthy
 O ferfull hart why comparyst thou w Rembroth
 Of alexander of this world not lord onely
 But worthy to subdew heuyn as sayeng goth
 And thou reputyst thy self more hye
 Then them both and dyspayryst so cowardly
 To wyn a woman of whom hath ben so many
 Gotten and vngotten neuer hard of any
 It is releyt in the fest of seynt Iohn
 Thys is the woman of auncyoun malysie
 Of whom but of a woman was it long on
 That adam was expullyd from paradysie
 She put man to payn whom ely dyd dyspyle
 Than syth adam gaff hym to theyre gouernaunce
 Am I gretter than adam my self to auance
 May but of those men it were wysedome
 That ouercame them to seke reinedy
 And not of those that they dyd ouercome
 Fle from theyre begynnyng elchew theyre soly
 Thou knowyst they do euyl thyng many
 They kepe no meane but rygour of intencion
 Be it saye foule wylfull without reason
 Kepe them neuer so close they wylbe she wyd
 Gysf tokyns of loue by many subtell ways
 Semynge to be shepe and serpently shrewd
 Craft in them renewyng that neuer decays
 Theyre leyeng lightyng prouokynge theyr plays
 What payn is to fulfyll theyre appetyt
 And to accomplysh theyre wanton delytis
 It is a wonder to se theyre dyssembling
 Theyre flatterynge countenances theyr ingratitude
 Inconstaunce fals witnese saynyd wepyng

There baryn glory and how they can delude
 Theyre folyshnes theyre Janglyng not me wode
 Theyre lecherous lust and wylenes ther fore
 why chcraft & charnyes to make men to theyre lore
 Theyre enbaunyng & theyre vnshamfastnes
 Theyre bawdry theyre succelte & fresly attyryng
 what trunying what payntyng to make saynes
 Theyre fals intent & flykkyng smyleyng
 Therefore lo yt is an old sayeng
 That women be the dyuell net & hed of syn
 And mannyes mysery in paradys dyd begyn
 But what thynkyst thou by me yet for all this
 May ly ye weze a man of cleze wyt
 whoin nature hath indeloyd w the best gyft
 As bewte & gretnes of meimbres perfyte
 Strenght lyghtnes & beyond this yche whyt
 Fortune hath partyd with you of her influens
 For to be able of lyberall expens
 For wythout good wherof fortune is lady
 No man can haue welch therfore by coniecture
 you shuld be belouyd of euery body

Calisto

But not of Helebea now I am sure
 And thought thou hadst prayd me wout mesure
 And comparyd me without comparison
 yet she is aboue in euery condicion
 Behold her noblenes her aunyon lynage
 Her gret patrymony her excellent wyt
 Her resplendent verteu hys portly corage
 Her godly grace her sufferyn bewte perfyte
 No tong is able well to expresse it
 Put yet I pray the let me speke a while
 My self to refressh in reherlyng of my style
 I begyn at her hert which is so goodly
 Crispyd to her helys tyed with fyne lase
 Fatt shynnyng beyond fyne gold of araby
 Atow the son coler to hyt may gyft place
 That who to behold it myght haue the grace
 wold say incomparisoun nothyng coustequaylys
 Then is it not lyke heze of alle tayles
 What foule comparisoun this felow saylys
 heze gar glasnyng eyen so sayze and byght
 heze browes heze nose in a meane no fallyon saylys
 heze mouth ppeze & feate her teeth small & whyght
 heze lyppis ruddy heze body steyght byght

Ca

Her lyttyll tetys to the eye is a pleasure
What Joy it is to se such a fygyre
Her skyn of whytnes endarkyth the snow
wyth rose colour ennewyd I the enlure
Her lyttyll hand in meane mane; this is no trob
Her fyngers small & long w naylys ruddy most pure
Of propo;cyon none such in purtrayture
without peze worthy to haue for sayrenes
The apple that parys gaue venus the goddes
S Sir haue ye all done .C. ye maye what than
I put case all this ye haue sayd be trew
yet are ye more noble lyth ye be a man
wherin. S. He is vnperfyte I wold ye knew
As all women be and of lesse valew
Phylosophers say the matter is lest worthy
Than the forme / so is woman to man surely
C I lo ue not to here this alteration
Betwene melebea and me her louer
D Possible it is in euery condicyon
To abbot her as mych as you do loue her
In the wyrryng/begylng is the daunger
That ye shall see he re after wyth eyen fre
with what eyen. S. with clere eyen trust me
C Why wyth what eyen do I se now
D wyth dyne eyen whych shew a lye I thynk much
But for ye shall not dyspayre I assure you
No labour nor dyligens in me shall greech
So trusty & fryndely ye shall fynd me wch
In all thyng; possyble that ye can adquire
The thyng to accomplissh to you; desyre
C God brnyng that to pase so glad it is to me
To here the thus though I hope not in thy doynge
yet I shall do ye trust me for a surete
S God reward the for thy gentyll intendynge
C I gyff the this chayn of gold in rewardeynge
S Sir god reward you & lend vs good sped
I dout not but I shall perfotune it in dede
C But wythout reward; it is hard to work well
C I am content so thou be not neglygent
S May be not you; for it passyth a interuell
C The master slow the seruant to be dyligent
S Now thynkyst it can be shew me thynne intent
C Sir I haue a neyghbour a moder of bad wyse
D That can prouoke the hard collyrs to lechery

In all euyl dede she is perfect wyle
I trow more than a **M**arygyns
haue bene destroyed by her subtel deuyle
for she neuer saylyth where she begynnis
All onely by this craft her lyfying she wyntis
Mayde wyffys wydows and euerychone
If she ones meddyl the: skapyth none
How myght I speke wyth her sempronio
I shall byng her bydyr vnto this place
But ye must in any wyle let rewarde go
And shew he: your greys in euery case
Elys were I not worthy to attayn grace
But alas sempronio thou tarpest to long
Syr god be with you. **C**. **C**ryst make the strong
The myghty and perdurable god be his gyde
As he gydyd the kyng in to bedleme
From the est by the start and agayn byd prouyde
As theyre conduct to retorn to theyre owne reame
So spede my sempronio to quench the leme
Of this fyre which my hart doth wast & spende
And that I may com to my desyrd ende
Co pas the tyme now wyll I walk
Up and down within myne orchard
And to my self go comyn and talke
And pray that fortune to me be not hard
Longyng to here whethe: made o: made
My message shall return by my seruant sempronio
Thus fare well my lordys for a while I wyll go
Now the blessing that our lady gaue her sone
That same blessing I gyue now to you all
That I com thus homely I pray you of pdon
I am sought and sendfoze as a woman butue: fall
Celestina of tze with my name is to call
Sempronio for me about both inqueze
And it was told me I shuld haue found hyin here
I am suze he wyll com hyther anone
But the whylst I shall tell you a prety game
I haue a wench of sempronios a prety one
That so comyth with me Elecea is he: name
But the last day we were both ny a shak shame
For sempronio wold haue he: to hym self sene: ell
And she lounth one Crito better or as well
This Crito and Elecea sat dzyngyng
In my housand I also makynng me:

And as the deuyl wold fare from our thynkyng
 Sempronio almost cam on vs sodenly
 But then wrought I my craft of bawdery
 I bad Crypto go vp and make hyin self come
 To hyde hyin in my chamber among the brome
 ¶ Then made I Elicea syt down a sowynge
 And I wyth my rok began for to spyne
 As who seyth of sempronio we had no knowynge
 He knockyd at the doze and I lete hym in
 And for a countenaunce I dyd begyn
 To catch hym in myne armys and seyde see see
 who kyllyth me Elicea and wyll not kys the
 ¶ Elicea for a countenaunce made he; greuyd
 And wold not speke but styll dyd so we
 why speke ye not quod sempronio be ye meuyd
 Haue I not a cause quod she no quod he I trow
 A traytour quod she full well dost thou know
 where hast thou ben these .iii. days fro me
 That the inpostume and euyl deth take the
 ¶ Please myne Elicea quod he why say ye thus
 Alas why put you yone self in this wo
 The hote fyre of loue so brennyth betwene vs
 That my hart is wyth yours where euer I go
 And for .iii. days absens to say to me so
 In fayth me thyukyth ye be to blame
 But now hark well for heze begynnnyth the game
 ¶ Crypto in my chamber aboue that was hyddyn
 I thynk lay not easly and began to romble
 Sempronio hard that and askyd who was within
 Aboue in the chamber that so dyd Joimble
 who quod she a louet of myne/may hap ye stomble
 Quod he on the trewth as many one doth
 Go vp quod she and loke whether it be soth
 ¶ Well quod he I go/nay thought I not so
 I sayd com sempronio let this foole alone
 For of thy long absens she is in such wo
 And half belyde her self and her wyt ny gone
 well quod he aboue yet ther is one
 wylt thou know quod I ye quod he I the requere
 It is a wench quod I sent me by a frere
 ¶ What frere quod he wilt thou ned know qd: I tha
 It is the frere sempronio I pray the m
 ¶ Quod he what a lode hath that woman
 To beze hym/ye quod I though women per case

Beze heuy full oft yet they gall in no place
Then he laught/ye quod I no mo word^e of this
For this tyme to long we spend here amys

Intrat sempzonio

S **M**oder Celestine I pray god prosper the
C My son sempzonio I am glad of our metyng
And as I here say ye go aboute to seke me
S Of trowth to seke you was myne hyther comyng
Whother ley a pette now all other thyng
And all only tend to me and Imagyn
In that that I purpose now to begyn
C Calisto in the loue of fayre melebea
Buznyth wherfore of the he hath grette nebe
C Thou seyst well knowyst not me Celestina
I haue the end of the matter and for more spede
Thou shalte wade no feither/for of this dede
I am as glad as euer was the surgyon
For saluys for broke hed^e to make proupyon
C And so intend I to do to Calisto
To gyff hym hope and assure hym remedy
For long hope to the hart mych trouble wyll do
Wherfore to the effect therof I wyll hye
S Deas for me thynkyth Calisto is nye

Intrat Calisto et parmeno

C Parmeno. **P**. what sey you. **C**. wottyst who is here
Sempzonio that reuyrth myn here
P **C** It is sempzonio with that old bezyd hore
Be ye they my maister so soze for doth long
C Deas I sey parmeno or go out of the dore
Comyst thou to hinder me then dost thou me wrong
I pray the help for to make me more strong
To wyn this woman ell^e godd^e forbod
She hath equall power of my lyff vnder god
P **C** Wherfore to her do ye make such sorow
Thynk ye in her ars ther is any shame
The contrary who tellyth you be neuer his borow
For as much she gloryfeth hez in her name
To be callyd an old hore as ye wold of fame
Dogge in the strete and chyl dren at euery dore
Back and cry out ther goth an old hore
C **C** Now knowyst all this dost thou know her
P **C** ye that be lauyth one Cryto better dr^e agone
For a fals hore the deuyl ouer throw her
My moder when she dyed gaue me to her alone

And a sterke baud was ther neuer none
For that I know I dare well se
Let se the contrary who can le y
¶ I haue bene at her hows & sene her trynkett
For paynting thyng inuenerable
Squalmrys & balmyrs I wonder where she gett
The thyng that she hath with folks for to fable
And to all baudry eue agreable
yet wors then that whych wyl neuer be last
Not only a baud but a wych by her craft
¶ Say what thou wilt son spare not me
I pray the perimeno lese thy malycious enu y
Hark hydyr sempronio here is but we thre
In that I haue sayd canst thou denye
Com hens perimeno I loue not thys I
And good mother greue you not I you pray
My mynde I shall shew now hark what I say
¶ O notable woman O auncyent vertew
O glorious hope of my desyrd intent
Thende of my delectable hope to rene w
My regeneration to this lyfe present
Resurreccion from deeth / so excellent
Thou art aboue other / I desyre humbly
To kys thy handes wherin lyeth my remedy
¶ But myne vnworthines makyth resylence
yet worship I the ground that thou gost on
Beseching the good woman with most reuerens
On my payn with thy pyte to loke vpon
without thy comfort my lyfe is gone
To rebyue my dede spryt thou mayst preferr me
with the wordes of thy mouth to make or marre me
¶ Sempronio can I lyff with these bonys
That thy master gyffyth me here for to ete
wordes are but wynd therfore attons
Byd hym close his mouth and to his purs get
For money makyth marchaunt that must Iet
I haue heyd his wordes but where be his dedes
For w out money w me no thyng spedys
¶ What seyth she sempronio alas my hart bledes
That I wyth you good woman mystrust shuld be
Ie she thynkyth that money all thyng fedys
Then come on sempronio I pray the wyth me
And tary here innder a while I pray the
For where of mystrust ye haue me appelyd

Le
S
D
Ca

Le

Ca
S

M
Ce

How darst thou wyth me thou boy be so bold
Be cause such knolege of the I haue
why who art / p / pineno son to albert the old
I dwelt w the by the ryue; where wyne was sold
And thy moder I trow hyght claudena
That a wyld fyre bren the celestena

Ce

But thy moder was as olde a hore as I
Come hydyr thou lytyll fole let me see the
A it is euen he by our blyssyd lady
what lytyll vrthyn hast forgotyn me
whē thou layst at my bedd fete how meyr weze we
A thou old mattrone it were almys thou were ded
How woldest thou pluk me vp to thy bedd hed

M

Ce

And inbrace me hard vnto thy bely
And for thou synelly dyest oldly I ran from the
I shauefull hore son fy vppon the fy fy
Come hyther aud now shortly I charge the
That all this folysh spekyng thou let be
Leue wantonnes of youth than shalt thou do well
Folow the doctryne of thy Elders and counsell
To who thy parēt on whos soulis god haue sūcy
In payn of cursyng bad the be obeydynt
In payn wherof I command the straitly
To much i mastery put not thyne intent
No trust is in theym if thyne owen be spent
Maysters now adays cobeit to byng about
All for theym selfe let theyre seruantes go without
Thy maister men sey and as I thynk he be
But lyght karych not who come to his seruyce
Faure word shall not lak but smal reward trust me
Make sempronto thy frynd in any wyse
For he can handle hym in the best gyle
Repe thys & for thy profet tell it to none
But loke that sempronio and thou be one
Moder celestyne I wot not what ye meane
Calisto is my mayster and so I wyll take hym
And as for ryches I desye it clene
For who so euer with wrong rych doth make hym
Soner than he gat it it wyll forsake hym
I loue to lyfe in poyfull pouerte
And to serue my mayster w trewth and honeste
Croth and honeste be ryches of the name
But surete of welch is to haue ryches
And after that for to get hym good fame

M

Ce

By report of frynd^r thys is truth dowtles
 Than no such maner frynd can I exp^rse
 As sempronyo for both your p^rfett^r to spede
 whych lyeth in my hand^r now yf ye be agreyd
COpimeno what a lyfe may we endure
 Sempronyo louyth the doughter of elyso
 And who arula / Ce. lykylt her / p / peraduenture
 I shall get her to the that shall I do
 Na moder celystyne I purpose not so
 A man shuld be couersant I here tell
 wyth them that be yl & thynk to do well
Sempronyo hys ensample shall not make me
 Better nor wors nor hys fault^r wyll I hyde
 But moder celestyne a questyon to the
 Is not syn a non in one espyed
 That is drownyd in delyte / how shuld he prouyde
 Agayns bette^r to saue hys honeste
 Lyke a chyld w^o out wy^sdoine thou answerst me
 C without cōpany mirth can haue non estate
 vñ no slowth nature abhorryth idelnes
 whych lesyth delyte to nature approp^ryate
 In sensuall causys delyght is chefe maistres
 Specially recountryng louys bysynes
 To say thus doth she the tyme thus they pas
 And soch maner they vñ and thus they kys a baste
 And thus they mete & enbrase to gyther
 what spech what grase what pley^s is betwene theim
 where is she theze she goth let vs se whyther
 Now pleasyd now fro ward now inume now hem
 Strype vp mynstrel w^o saw^r of loue the old proble
 Syng swete song^r now Just^r & torney
 Of new inuencyons what conseyt^r fynd they
 C Now she goth to mas to morow she cōmyth owt
 Behold her better yonder goth a cokold
 I left hez alone / she cōmyth / turn abowt
 Lo thus perymeno thou mayst behold
 frynd^r wyll talk to geder as I haue told
 wher fore perseyue thou that I sey truly
 Neuer can be delyte w^o out cōpany

Sic iterum intrat calisto

Ca Moder as I promysed to assyle thy dowt
 here I gyfe the an. C. pells of gold
Le Syr I promysed you I shall bryng it about
 All thyng to purpose eyn as ye wold

C
S
Ca

For your reward I wyll do as I shuld
Be mery fere nothyng cōtent ye shall be
Then in oder fare well be dylygent I pray the
How sayst sempronio haue I done well
ye syz in my mynd & most accordyng
Then wylt thou do after my counceill
After this old woman wyll thou be hyeng

S
Ca

To remember & hast hez in euery thyng
Syr I am content as ye cōmaund me
Then go & byd pineno come I pray the
How god be theyre gyddys the poss^r of my lyfe
Hy relese fro deth the Ambassad^r of my welth
Hy hope my hap my quyetnes my stryfe
Hy Joy my sorow my sekenes my helth
The hope of thys old woman my hart telth
That comfort shall come shortly as I Intend
Or els come deth & make of me an end

P
Ca
P
Ca

In fayth it makyth no forse nor matter mych
what seyst pineno what sayst to me
Hary I say playnly that yonder old wyth
And sempronio to geder wyll vndo the
I yll tongyd wrech wyll ye not see
Thynkyst thou lordern thou hādelyst me fayre
why knaue woldest thou put me now in dyspayre

Et exeat calisto

P

Lo syrs my master ye se is angry
But thys it is tell folys for theyre proffyt
Or warn theym for theyre welth it is but foly
For stryk theym on the hele and as moch wyrt
Shall cō forth as at theyr forchede to pleyue it
Go thy way calesso for on my charge
Thy thyrft is sealyd vp though thou be at large
How vnhappy I am to be trem
For other men wyn by fallehed & flattery
I lese for my troth the world doth so ensew
Croth is put bak & takyn for foly
Therefore now I wyll chaunge my copy
If I had done as celystyne bad me
Calysto hys mynyon styll wold haue had me
Thys gyuyth me warnyng from hens for ward
How to dele wth hym for all thyng as he wyll
I will the same forward or bakward
I will go streyght to hym and folow hym still
Say as he sayth be it good or yll

Bit

And syth these bawds get good prouokynge lechery
I trust flattery shall speede as well as bawdery
Sic erat parueno et intret melebea

I pray you caue this woman here neuer syn
In fayth to entze here I am half adrad
And yet why so/ I may boldly com in
I am sure from you all I shall not be had
But iesus iesus be these men so uad
On women as they sey/how shuld it be
It is but fables and lyes ye may trust use

Intret Celestina

God be here i **M.** who is the? **C.** wyl ye bye any thred
ye mary good moder I pray you come in
Cryt saue you fayre methres a godd be your spede
And helth be to you a all your kyn

And mary godd^e mother that blessyd byrgyn
Pleserue a prosper your womanly personage
And well to inioy your yough a pusell age
For that tyme pleasurys are most elchuyd
And age is the holpytall of all maner syknes
The restyng place of all thought vnreleuyd
The spozte of tyme past the ende of all quiknes
Neyhour to deth a dry stok wythout swetnes
Discomforzte disease all age alowith

A ye without sap that small charge bo tweth
I meruell moder ye speke so much yll
Of age that all folke desyre effectuously
They desyre hurt for them self as all of wyl
And the cause why they desyre to come therby
Is for to lyff for deth is so lothly

He that is sorowfull wold lyff to be soryer
And he that is old wold lyff to be elder
I fayre dainesell who can she w all the hurt of age
His werynes feblenes his discontentyng
His chylidishnes howardnes of his rage
Wrynkelynge in the face lak of syght and heryng
Holownes of mouth fall of teth saynt of goyng
And woist of all posseltyd with pouerte
And the lynnys are styd with debylite

Moder ye haue takyn grete payn for age
wold ye not retorn to the begynnyng
Folys are they that are past theyre passage
To begyn agayn which be at the endyng
For better is possession than the desyryng

I desyre to lyff lengge? do I well or no
That ye desyre well I thynk not so
For as sone goth to market the lambys sell
 As the shyppe / none so old but may lyff a yere
 And the is none so yong but ye wot well
 May dye in a day then no aduauntage is here
 Betwen youth & age & matter is clere
I wyth thy sablyng & thy relonyng I wys
 I am beglyd but I haue knowen the or thys
Act not celystyne & dwellyd by the ryuer syde
 ye for soth / **I** in dede age hath aray the
That thou art she now can skant be espyed
 Me thynketh by thy fauour thou shuldest be she
 Thou art sore chaungid thou mayst beleue me
 Fayre maydon kepe thou well thys tyme of youth
 But bewte shall passe at & last thys is truth
Eyet I am not so old as ye iuge me
 Good moder I ioy much of thyne accoyntanaunce
 And thy moderly reasons ryght well please me
 And now I thank the here for thy pastaunce
 Fare well tyll a nother tyme & hap may chaunce
 Agayn that we two may mete togedyr
 May hap ye haue bysynes I know not whether
Angelyk ymage o ple so pryncous
How thou spekyt it reioysyth me to here
 Knowist thou not by the deuyne month gracypous
 That agaynst the infernall feend luyfe re
 we shuld not only lyf by bred here
 But by our good workys wher in I take some paynt
 yf ye know not my mynd now all is in beynt
Shew me moder hardely all thy necessite
 And yf I can I shall prouyde the remedy
My necessite nay god wot it is not for me
 As for myne I last it at home surely
 To ete when I wyll & drynk when I am dry
 And I thank god euer one peny hath be myne
 To by bred when I lyst & to haue. iiii. for wyne
Afore I was wyddow I caryd neuer for it
 For I had wyne ynough of myne owne to sell
 And w a tost in wyne by the fyre I could syt
 w. ii. dosen lopp the collyk to quell
 But now w me it is not so well
 For I haue nothyng but that is brought me
 In a pytcher pot of quartys skant thre

Thus I pray god help them that be neddy
 For I speke not for my self alone
 But as well for other how euer spede I
 The infyrmyte is not myne though that I grone
 It is for a nother y I make mone
 And not for my self it is a nother way
 But what I must mone where I daze not say
Say what thou wilt & for whom thou lest
 now gracyous dainsell I thank you than
 That to gyf audyens ye be so prest
 W lyberall redynes to me old woman
 whych gyffyth me boldnes to shew what I can
 Of one that lyeth in daunger by sekenes
 Remyttyng hys langour to your getyllnes
What meanyest thou I pray the good mode?
 Go forth w thy demaund as thou hast done
 On the one pte thou prouokyst me to anger
 And on the other syde to compassyon
 I know not how thy answeze to fallyon
 The wordes whych thou spekynt in my presence
 Be so mysty/ I pleyue not thy sentence
I sayd I last one in daunge? of sekenes
 Drawyng to deth for ought that I can se
 Now chose you o? no to be murderez
 O? reupue hym w a word to come from the
 I am happy yf my word be of such necessyte
 To help any crystyn man o? ells godd? forhod
 To do a good dede is lykynge to god
 For good dede to good men be a lowable
 And speryally to neddy aboue all othe?
 And euet to good dedys ye shall fynd me agreable
 Trustyng ye wyll exhort me to non other
 Therfor fete not spek your peticio good mother
 For they that may hele sekefolk & do refuse theym
 Suerly of theyre deth they can not excuse theym
Full well & gracyously the case ye consyder
 For I neuer beleuyd that god in bayn
 wold gyff you such countenaunce & bewte to gedys
 But charyte therwith to releue folke in payn
 And as god hath gyffyn you so gyff hym agayn
 For folk? be not made for them self onely
 For then they shuld lyff lyke best? all rudely
Among whych best? yet some be pytefni
 The vnico?ne humblyth hyu self to a mayd

And a dog in all his power yrefull
Let a man fall to ground his anger is delayd
Thus by nature pyte is conueyd
The kok when he krapith & happith mete to fynd
Callith for his henns lo se the gentyll kynde
Shuld humayn creaturys than be of cruelnes
Shuld not they to theyre neybours shew charyte
And specially to them wrappyd in sekenes
Than they that may hele theym cause þ infirmyte
M^other without delay for godds sake shew me
I pray the hartly wythout more prayeng
where is the patient that so is paynyng
L^e C^o saye dāsell thou maist well haue knowlege her to
That in this Cyte is a yong knyght
And of clere lynage callyd Calisto
whose lyfe & body is all in the I plyght
The pellycan to shew naturys ryght
Fedyth his byrds m^e thynkith I shuld not tch the
Thou wotist what I meane to nature shuld tech the
M^o C^o I ha is this the entent of thy conclusyon
Tell me no more of this matter I charge the
Is thys the dolent for whom thou makyst petycyō
Art thou come hyther thus to desseyue me
Thow berdyd dame shameles thou seamest to be
Is this he that hath the passiō of folishnes
Thikyst thou rybaud I am such one of lewdnes
C^o It is not sayd I se well in bayn
The tong of man & woman worst members be
Thow brut baud thow gret emmy to honeste certayn
Cause of secret errours Ihū Ihū vne dicite
Sō good bodi take this old thefe fro me
That thus wold me disseyue me w^h her fals sleight
Go owt of my syght now get the hens sleight
L^e C^o In an yuyll howre cam I hyther I may say
I wold I had brokyn my leggs rwayn
M^o Go hens thou be othell go hens in the dyuyll way
Bedyst thou yet to increase my payn
Wylt thou make me of thys sole to be fayn
To gyue hym lyfe to make hym mery
And to my self deeth to make me sory
Wilt thou bere a way profet for my perdition
And make me le se the house of my fathe
To wyn the howse of such an old matrone
As thou art shamefullyst of all other

Thikist thou that I ſiderſtad not thou falls mother
 Thy hurtfull meſſage thy fals ſubtell ways
 Make a mend to god thou lyſt to long days
 Ce Anſwere thou traytres how darſt be ſo bold
 The feze of the makyth me ſo dyſmayd
 That the blod of my body is alinoſt cold
 I las fayre maydyn what haſt thou ſayd
 To me pore wydow why am I denyed
 Here my cōcluſion which ys of honeſte
 W out caule ye blame thys gentylman & me
 M I ſey I wyll here no more of that ſole
 Was he not here with me eyn now
 How old which thou bryngſt me in grette dole
 Ask him what anſweze he had of me & how
 I toke hys demaund as now know mayſt thou
 More ſhe wyng is but loſt where no mercy can be
 Thus I anſwerd hym & thus I anſwer the
 Ce The more ſtraunge ſhe makyth the gladder am I
 Ther is no tempaſt that euer doth endure
 M what ſeyſt thou what ſeyſt thou ſhameful enmy
 Speke out .Ce. ſo ſerd I am of your dyſpleaſure
 your anger is ſo grette I pleyue ſt ſure
 And your pacyens is in ſo gret an hete
 That for wo & feze I both wepe & ſwete
 M Lyttyll is the hete in cōparyſon to ſay
 To the gret boldnes of thy demeanyng
 Ce Fayre mayden yet one word now I you pray
 Appeaſe w pacyens & here my ſayeng
 It is for a prayer meſtres my demaundyng
 That is ſayd ye haue of ſeynt appolyne
 For the toth ake wher of this man is in pyte
 And the gyrdle there thou weryſt about the
 So many holy relys it hath towchyd
 That thys knyght thynketh his bote thou maiſt be
 Therefore let thy pyte now be a vouchid
 For my hart for fere / lyke a dog is couchyd
 The delygth of vengenims who ſo doth vſe
 Pyte at theye nede ſhall theym reſuſe
 C yf this be trew that thou ſeyſt to me now
 My hart is lyghcnyd perſeyuyng ther aſe
 I wold be content well yf I wyſt how
 To bryng this ſeke knyght vnto ſome ſolas
 Ce Fayre damſell to the be helth & grace
 For yf this knyght & ye were aquapntyd both two

11
ye wold not iudge him the man that ye do
By god & by my soule in him is no malyncoly
with grace indewid in fredome as alexandre
In strenght as hecatur in countenaunce mery
Gracious / enuy in him reynyed neuer

Of noble blod as thou knowyst / & yf ye cuer
Saw him armyd he semeth a seynt george
Rather than to be made in natur forge

An angell thou woldist iudge him I make now
The gentyll narciso was neuer so fayre
That was inainoryd on his own shadow
wherfore fayre mayde let thy pyte repayre
Let mercy be thy mother & thou her heyre
This knyght whom I come for neuer leaueyth
But cryeth out of payn that styll encreaseth

M **Le** How long tyme I pray the hath it holdyn hym
I thynk he be. xliii. yeres of age

M I saw hym born & holpe for to fold hym
I demaund the not therof thyn answer as wage
I ask the how long in this paynfull rage
He hath leyn / Le. of trewth fayr maydyn as he says
He hath be in this agony this. viii. days

Me But he semyth he had leyn this. viii. yere
How it grauyth me the il of my pacient
Knowyng his agony & thy innocency heze
Unto myne anger thou hast made resistens
wherfore thy demaund I graunt in recompens
haue heze mygyrdyll the prayer is not redy
To morow it shalbe / come agayn secretly

And inoder of these word passyd betwene vs
Shew uothyng therof vnto this knyght
Lest he wold report me cruell & furuous
I trust the / now be trew for thought be lyght

Le I meruell gretly thou dost me so atwyght
Of the dout that thou hast of my secretnes
As secret as thy self I shall be dowreles

And to calisto w this gyrdle celestina
Shall go and his ledy hart make hole & lyght
For gabriell to our lady waue maria
Came neuer gladder than I shall to this knyght
Calisto how wylt thou now lye by ryght
I haue shewid thy water to thy pheseyon
Comfourt thy self the feld is half won

M Inoder he is much beholdyn vnto the
Ch.

Le Fayr maydyn for the mercy thou hast done to vs
This knyght & I both thy bed folkis shall be
M Hoder yf nede be I wyll do more than thus
Le It shalbe nedefull to do so & ryghteous
For this thus be yon must nedis haue an ende
which neuer can be wout ye condescend
He Well mother to morow is a new day
I shall perfoyme that I haue you prounest
Shew to this seke knyght in all that I may
Byd him be bold in all thyngis honest
And though he to me as yet be but a gest
If my word or dede his helth may support
I shall not fayle and thus byd him take comfort
Et creat melebea.

Le Now cryst comfort þ & kepe the in thy nede
How say you now is not this matter carped clene
Can not old celestina her matter spede
A thing not well handlyd is not worth a bene
Now know ye by þ half tale what þ hole doth meane
These women at the furst be angry & furuous
Fayre wyther comyth after stormys tempestuous
And now to calisto I wyll me dres
which lyeth now languysshynge in grete payn
And shew hym that he is not remedyles
And bere hym this to make hym glad and fayn
And handyll hym so that ye shall sey playn
That I am well worthy to bere the name
For to be callyd a noble arche dame

Danio pateg melebee.

O meruelous god what a dreime had I to nyght
Most terryble bysyon to report and here
I had neuer none such nor none yerthely wyght
Alas when I thynk thereon I quak for feze
It was of melebea my doughter deze
God send me good tythyngs of her shortly
For tyll I here from her I can not be mery

M O deze father nothyng may me moze displease
Nothyng may do me moze anoyans
Nothyng may do me gretter discale
Than to se you father in any perturbans
For me chelly or for any other chauns
But for me I pray you not to be sad
For I haue no cause but to be mery and glad

Da O swete melebea my doughter deze
I am replete with Joy and selcrite

For that ye be now in my presens here
 As I perceyue in Joy & prosperite
 From deeth to lyfe me thynkyth it reuyuyth us
 For the ferefull dreime þ I had lately

What dreime syr was that I pray you hertely
Downtles me though þ I was walkyng

In a fayre orcha:rd where were placys two
 The one was a hore bath hollsome & pleasynge

To all people that dyd repayre therto
 To wasch them & dens them from sekeneys also

The other a pyt of foule stynkyng water
 Shortely they dyed all that ther-in did enter

And unto this holesome bath me thought þ ye
 In the ryght path were comyng apale

But before that me thought that I dyd see
 A foule rough bych aprikeryd cur it was

Whych strakyng her body along on the gras
 And w her tayle lykkyd her so that she

Made her selfe a fayre spantell to be
 Chys bych then me thought met you in the way

Leppynge & sawnyng vppon you a pase
 And to wnd a bowt you dyd dreime & play

Whych made you then dyport & solas
 Whych lykkyd you so well þ in short space

The way to the hore bath anon ye left it
 And toke the streyght way to the foule pyt

And euer ye lokyd continually
 vppon that same bych & somoch her eyed

That ye cam to the foule pyt brynk lodeynly
 Lyke to haue fallyn in & to haue bene dystroyed

Whych when I saw anon than I cryed
 Stertyng in my slepe & therw dyd awake

That yet for fere me thynk my body doth quake
 Was not this a ferefull dreime & mezelous

I pray you doughter what thynk ye now to this
 Sic me sed ea certo tempore no loquit sed uultu lamentabili respicit

Why speke ye not why be ye now so studious
 Is there any thyng þ hath chauncyd you amys

I am your father tell me what it is
 Alas now your dreime whych ye haue exprestyd

That made me all penylyfe & soze aballshyd
 I pray you dere doughter now tell me why

Sir I know the cause of your vision
 And what your dredefull dreime doth signyfy

Ther of wold I sayn now haue noticion
 Cii.

W

W

Alas dere fader alas what haue I done
Offendyd god as a wrech vnworthy
D wherem/dyl payre not god is full of mercy
Et genuflectat

Chan on my knees now I fall downe
And of god chefely askyng forgynnes
And next of you for in to obliuion
I haue put your doctryne & lessons downtles
D Feze not doughter? I am not merziles

I trust ye haue not so gretly offendyd
But that ryght well it may be amendyd

Oye haue fosterid me by full louyngly
In vertuous disciplyne whych is the ryght path
To all grace & vertew whych doth spynys ye
By your dreime & fayre pleasaunt holesome bath
The foule pyt whereof ye dreinyd which hath
Destroyd so many betokeneth dyse & syn
In whych alas I had almost fallyn In

The prikyeryd curr & the foule bych
whych made her self so smoth & fayre to see
Betokenyth an old quene a baudy wych
Callyd celystyne that wo myght she be
whych in her fayre word ay so pswadyd me
That she had almost brought me here vnto
To fulfyll the foule lust of calisto

Alas dere doughter I taught you a lesson
whych way ye shuld attayn vnto vertew
That was euery mornyng to say an orason
Prayeng god for grace all byte to eschew
D dere fader that lesson I haue kept trew
whych preseruyd me for though I dyd cōsēt
In mynd yet had he neuer hys intent

The vertew of that praye? I se well on thing
Hath preseruyd you from the shame of that syn
But because ye were somwhat cōsentyng
ye haue offendid god gretly therin
wherefore doughter ye must now begyn
humbly to belech god of hys mercy

For to forgvye you your syn & mysery
O blyssed lord & fader celestrial
whose infynite merci no tong can exprese
Though I be a sinner wrech of wrechis all
yet of thy gret merci graunt me forgifnes
Full sore I repent my syn I cōfese

Intendynge hens forth neuer to offend more
 Now humbly I beseech thy mercy therefore
Now þis is well sayd myne one fayre doughter
 Stand vp therfore for I know verely
 That god is good & mercifull euer
 To all synners whych wyll ask mercy
 And be repentaunt & in wyll clerely
 To syn no more he of hys grete goodnes
 Wyll graunt them therfore his grace & forgifnes
No here ye may see what a thyng it is
 To bryng vp yong people vertuously
 In good custome for grace both neuer mys
 To them that ble good prayers dayly
 Which hath preseruyd thys mayde vndoutydly
 And kept her f.ō actuall dede of shaine
 Brought her to grace preseruyd her good name
 Wherefore ye byrgyns & fayre maydens all
 Unto this example now take good hede
 Serue god dayly the soner ye shall
 To honeste & goodnes no dout procede
 And god shall send you euer his grace at nede
 To withstand all euyll temptacions
 That shall come to you by any occasions
And ye faders modeys & other which be
 Rulers of yong folke your charge is do wtles
 To bryng them vp vertuously & to see
 Them occupied styll in some good bysynes
 Not in idell pastyme or vnchryfthynges
 But to teche them some art craft or lernynge
 Whereby to be able to get theyr lyflynge
The bryngers vp of youth in this region
 Haue done gret harme because of theyr nedygēs
 Not puttyng them to lernynge nor occupacions
 So when they haue no craft nor sciens
 And com to mans state ye see theyr pience
 That many of them compellyd be
 To beg or stele by very necessity
But yf there be therfore any remedy
 The hedys & rulers must furst be dyligent
 To make good lawes & execute them straytely
 Uppon such maystres that be nedygent
 Alas we make no lawes but ponyshment
 When men haue offendyd but lawes euer more
 wold be made to preuent the cause before

¶ If the cause of the myscheff^e were seen before
whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely
And good laws & ordynauncys made therefore
to put a way the cause/ & were best reined
what is the cause that ther be so many
Theft^e & robberies/ it is be cause we be
Dryuen therto by nede & pouerte
¶ And what is the berey cause of that nede
Be cause they labur not for theyr lyfkyng
And trewth is they can not well labour in dede
Be cause in yowth of theyr ydyl bybryngyng
But this thyng shall neuer come to reformyng
But the world cōtynually shalbe nought
As long as yong pepyll be euell bybrought
¶ Wherfore the eternall god that raynyth on hye
Send his mercifull grace & influens
To all gouernours that they circumspectly
May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence
To bryng them to vertew & deuotednes
And that they & we all by his grete mercy
May be pteners of hys blessyd glory.

Amen.

Iohēs rasset me imprini fecit

Cum priuilegio regali





